



THE BIGGEST
Suit Sale of the Season
Begins Here
SATURDAY A. M.

SEE FRIDAY HERALD
FOR DETAILS

ADOBE WATER TOWER TO BE ERECTED

Building Permits Tuesday
Were of Little Import.
Real Estate Trans-
fers.

A water tower of adobe and a coal shed was the extent of the building inspector's permits Tuesday. The water tower is to be built at 2100 Commerce street by George Stilwell and will cost \$250. The coal shed is to be built by W. W. Follet on west Missouri street to cost \$200.

Deaths Filed.
Oregon and Missouri streets—Ludwick Prendenthal and Samuel J. Prendenthal to Mary H. Sigal, lots No. 19 and 20, in block No. 17 "H" in Satterthwaite addition; consideration \$4200; July 19, 1894.
Oregon and Missouri street—Mary H.

El Paso Pasteur Institute
For Preventive Treatment
OF HYDROPHOBIA
225 SAN ANTONIO STREET.
Phone 2240-R. 1. Res. 2457



Don't buy your Grain, Hay and Seeds elsewhere until you see what we can offer you and learn our prices. No matter how large or how small your orders may be, they will receive prompt and courteous attention.

O. G. SEETON & SON,
Third and Chihuahua Sts.

DO YOU WANT TO QUIT DRINKING? IF YOU DO WE CAN CURE YOU!

Many a man wants to quit drinking, but cannot. THE DESIRE FOR LIQUOR IS A DISEASE. We treat the disease (no hypodermic or dangerous drugs used) and make a man care no more for LIQUOR than before a drop ever passed his throat.

A SANITARIUM has been established here. A CURE GUARANTEED. It cannot hurt your health and will stop you from business only three days.

YOU OWE IT TO HUMANITY to investigate this opportunity. If you do not drink tell your friends about it.

To the Public:
I had been a hard drinker for thirty years, when induced by a friend to take the Globe Three Day Cure. In three hours after the first medicine was given me I had no desire to drink, though it was right there in my room. I want to state to all drinking men in El Paso, especially my drinking friends, to take advantage of this opportunity to free themselves from their slavery to alcohol. I do not now feel any nervousness and feel better than I have for twenty years. I am sure that I will never taste whisky again. I am under everlasting obligations to the Globe Three Day treatment for curing me.

C. L. RIDLEY.
If interested call on, write or Phone Auto. 2481.
DR. E. A. THOMAS, Manager.

Globe 3 Day Liquor Cure
Sanitarium 2013 Atlanta St., El Paso, Tex.

REMARKABLE GROWTH OF REALTY VALUES

Sale of Oregon Street Property Recorded Shows Increase of \$4000 a Year.

As a comparison of values of El Paso real estate six years ago and now is given in the deeds which have been filed with the county clerk in the sale of the property on the corner of Oregon and Missouri street which was sold by Mrs. Mary H. Van Mourick to W. C. Wilkins. A deed, dated July 18, 1904, by which Ludwick and Samuel Prendenthal deeded to Mary H. Sigal lots 19 and 20, in block 17 "H" of the Satterthwaite addition, located on the corner of Oregon and Missouri streets. The price paid for this property was \$4200. The other deed is the sale of the same property to W. C. Wilkins by Mrs. Van Mourick, and the price paid is \$25,000.

ARCHITECT RECOVERS FOR HIS SERVICES
In the case of E. Krause against Mrs. E. Marian for services rendered, the jury in the county court awarded the plaintiff \$270 and the \$80 which had been previously paid on account. The suit was the outcome of a misunderstanding over the plans which were drawn by architect Krause for Mrs. Marian's apartment building. The suit was for \$350.

HAVE YOU ANY HOUSES OR ROOMS
For rent? Watch the Room Directory's bulletin in the classified columns.

PAVING ON MYRTLE.
Hot stuff is being laid on Myrtle avenue, just east of the Elks club. A shoofly track has been built on Myrtle avenue for the street car company and the heavy steel is being laid in place of the light rails on the portion of the street to be paved.

Visitors Welcome!

The Herald has provided a visitors' gallery especially for the pleasure and interest of its patrons. Come in any time between 12:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m. and see the best equipped newspaper plant in the southwest.

**The Big Press Runs
Between 3:30
and 4:30**

No Press Room Secrets
About Herald Circulation.

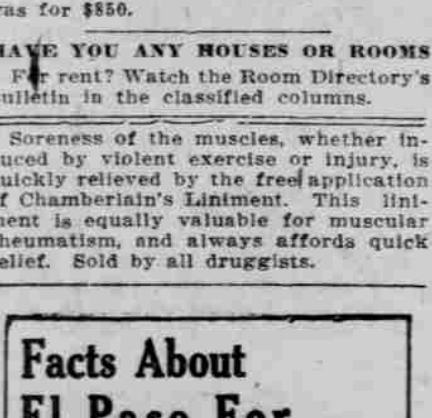
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A Story Of Graustark

Truxton King

By George Barr
McCutcheon

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SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTERS.
Truxton King, an American millionaire's son, tired of the humdrum life and sets out to have some adventures. He reaches the kingdom of Graustark.

(Continued From Yesterday.)
"I am very, oh, so very unhappy. Truxton," she murmured.
"I came near spoiling everything just now," he whispered hoarsely.

"What?"
"I almost kissed you, Lorraine. I swear it was hard to keep from it. That would have spoiled everything." "Yes, it would," she agreed quickly. "I'm not going to kiss you until you have told me you love Vos Engo." "I—I don't understand!" she cried, drawing back and looking up into his face with bewildered eyes.

"Because then I'll be sure that you love me."
"Be sensible, Truxton."
"I'll know that you promised to love him if he'd save me. It's as clear as day to me. You did tell him you'd marry him if he got me to a place of safety."

"No. I refused to marry him if he did not save you. Oh, Truxton, I am so miserable! What is to become of all of us? What is to become of John and Bobby and you?"

"I—I think I'll kiss you now, Lorraine," he whispered almost tremulously. "God, how I love you, little darling! You must make me a promise."

"Oh, Truxton, don't ask me to say that I'll be your— She stopped, painfully embarrassed.

"That will come later," he said consolingly. "I want you to promise, on your sacred word of honor, that you'll kiss no man until you've kissed me."

"Oh," she murmured, "I—I cannot promise that! I am not sure that I'll ever—ever kiss anybody. What is it you really want me to say?" she asked, looking up with sudden shyness in her starry eyes.

"That you love me—and me only, Lorraine," he whispered.

"I will not say it!" she cried, breaking away from him. "But," as she

still remain open to us, signing away a most valuable right in what we had hoped would be our own individual property, we have every reason to believe that he will send armed forces to our relief on the pretext that Russia is defending the properties of her own. That is one way in which we may out Count Marlowe. The other lies in the ability of John Tullis to give battle to him with our own people carrying the guns. Lieutenant Haddan has told us quite lately of a remark you made which he happened to overhear. If I quote him correctly, you said to the Englishman Hobbs that you could get away with it, meaning, as I take it, that you could succeed in reaching John Tullis. May I not implore you to tell us how you would go about it?"

Truxton had turned a brick red. Shame and mortification surged within him. He was cruelly conscious of an undercurrent of irony in the premier's courteous request. For an instant he was sorely crushed. A low laugh from the opposite side of the room sent a shaft to his soul. He looked up. Vos Engo was still smiling. In an instant the American's blood boiled.

"I did say I could get to John Tullis. I'll start tonight."

His words created a profound impression, they came so abruptly. "Send for Mr. Hobbs, please," said Truxton. "There should be three of us," addressing the men about him. "One of us is sure to get away."

"There is not a man here—or in the service—who will not gladly accompany you, Mr. King," cried General Braze quickly.

"Count Vos Engo is the man I would choose, if I may be permitted the honor of naming my companion," said Truxton, grinning inwardly with a malicious joy. Vos Engo turned a yellowish green. His eyes bulged.

"I—I am in command of the person of his royal highness," he stammered, suddenly going very red.

"I had forgotten your present occupation," said Truxton quietly. "Pray pardon the embarrassment I may have caused you. After all, I think Hobbs will do. He knows the country like a book."

Mr. Hobbs came. That is to say, he was produced. It is doubtful if Mr. Hobbs ever fully recovered from the malady commonly known as stage fright. He had never been called Mr. Hobbs by a prime minister before, nor had he ever been asked in person by a minister of war if he had a family at home. Afterward Truxton King was obliged to tell him that he had unwaveringly volunteered to accompany him on the perilous trip to the hills. Be sure of it, Mr. Hobbs was not in a mental condition for many hours to even remotely comprehend what had taken place.

But Mr. Hobbs was not the kind to falter once he had given his word. "We'll be off at midnight, Hobbs," said Truxton.

"As you say, Mr. King, just as you say," said Hobbs, with fine indifference.

As Truxton was leaving the castle ten minutes later a brisk, eager faced young attendant hurried up to him.

"I bear a message from his royal highness," said the attendant, detaining him. "Prince Robin has asked for you, sir."

"I'll see him," said King promptly, as if he were granting the audience.

CHAPTER XVIII.
BY THE WATER GATE.

IT was a vast, lofty apartment, regal in its subdued lights. An enormous golden bed with gorgeous hangings stood far down the room. So huge was this royal couch that Truxton at first overlooked the figure sitting bolt upright in the middle of it.

An old woman advanced from the head of the couch and motioned Truxton to approach.

"I am deeply honored, your highness," said the visitor, bowing very low.

The prince's legs were now hanging over the edge of the bed. His eyes were dancing with excitement.

"I want you to find Uncle Jack, Mr. King," said Bobby eagerly. "And tell him I didn't mean it when I ban-

ished him the other day. I really and truly didn't." He was having difficulty in keeping back the tears.

"I shall deliver the message, your highness," said Truxton, his heart going out to the unhappy youngster.

"Americans always do what they will," said the boy, his eyes snapping. "Here's something for you to take with you, Mr. King. It's my lucky stone. It always gives good luck."

He unclasped his small fingers. In the damp palm lay one of those peculiarly milky, half transparent pebbles common the world over and of value only to small, impressionable boys. Truxton accepted it with profound gravity.

"And when you come back, Mr. King, I'm going to knight you. I'd do it now, only Aunt Lorraine says you'd be worrying about your title all the time and might be 'stranded from your mission. I'm going to make a baron of you. That's higher than a count in Graustark. Vos Engo is only a count."

Truxton started.

"I shall be overwhelmed," he said. Then his hand went to his mouth in

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